
Title: A Vigil Dawns

Author: Silent Poet

Curious patterns of
shadow
Fall in asymmetrical designs
Across the sultry sleeping
Form of my gentle lover.
I sit at the bedside and
Watch as the morning
sun

Caresses her with a
passion
That seems to diminish
mine.
The bond is as thin as
rice-paper
And can be torn as easily
Like all things that are

Forged from two caring
hearts.
Will she grow weary of
Waking to see me
scribbling
Away in futile attempts
to
Find lost avenues of

expression?
Small beads of
perspiration
Are elegantly accenting
Her body which has
always
Given rise to a fiery
muse.

Soon, she will awaken and
See that once again I
have
Sat here through the
night
Watching her with my
heart.
Even now she awakens

and
With a glimpse tells me

all
I ever need and relieves
Me of any dooming onus.
I gracefully take her in
My arms and let my pen
Fall to the side forgotten

Like an old skeleton key.
Using her body as my
slate
I write all the epic novels
And compose my life upon
Her with mythic prose.